

To left: A delivery boy pedalling away on a mission to deliver pastry balancing the delicacies on his head, seen on a street in Puebla.

Right: An ancient Mexican grave on the hill of pyramids in Cholula. (pictures by Francis Hansen).

Please note the utensils which were buried with the interred as he was sent off to "Tlalocan" (Paradise). The ancient Mexicans had a complicated and a fantastic mythology about the dead and afterlife.

who come here to earn extra money in order to continue their education. Others, a small percentage, are often of well-to-do families who come here solely to learn the ways of the Yanquis (Yankees). It is the report of all of these on which the Americans are judged and regarded. I was still to meet a single Mexican migrant worker who had anything pleasant to say about the American treatment of them. Their most vehement gripe is against the Coloradans. They find the Californians much more tolerant and understanding.

SOME American people, particularly who claim "old stock", remind me of the Roman god Janus. While Janus double face indicated his looking into the past and future, "old stock" Americans have one face as pure as gold and another soiled in its unjust prejudices. One wonders in sheer amazement how a person whose face is so pure, so good, so angelic and so wonderful (allegorically speaking) can tolerate that other face of bigotry, intolerance, petty prejudices and narrow mindedness. South Africa with its "Apartheid" and the United States with its "segregation" are the only torch bearers of the banner of intolerance.

The workings of SOME of the "old stock" American mind can be gathered from the following incident. Upon entering the United States we picked up a hitch hiker.. Through his entire ride he was complaining about the Mexican migrant workers whom he called only by the names of "wet backs" and "greasers". By working for less money they were taking away all the jobs, etc., etc. I told him that to my knowledge the migrant workers did the type of work which Americans feel it is beyond their dignity and taste to do, particularly in fruit and berry picking and vegetable harvesting. There was a crying need for such workers, with fruits rotting on the trees and no pickers. "I should say not!" he answered emphatically. "Then, why condemn the Mexicans who are doing the work you wouldn't do, and thus save at least a part of the crop?" I asked. He agreed that it was true, but no sooner the agreement uttered he went off again on a tirade.

Mexico, The Land Of Sights

It would be difficult to tell a person what and where to see things of interest in Mexico. The land is beautiful. The cities are fascinating. The pyramids are amazing. The churches are lavish and like museums. There are plenty museums. The ways of the people are of utmost interest (to those interested in them). In fact, the whole country is a gallery of archeology, anthropology, art, science, biology and folklore.

When in Mexico City one should see Chapultepec palace, all other museums, its churches and its shrines. One must be in Guadalajara, and the Cathedral there, and the Sagrarium which contains originals of Murillo. Go to Urapan and do not miss the park, the falls, the beautiful laquer works; and of course, the volcano, a tourist curiosity, is near Uruapan. Do not bypass Patzcuaro. There are just much too many things in Morelia and one should spend several days there. The ride from Guadalajara to Mexico City is worth a million. One should take in Taxco. Puebla, the sacred city of the ancient Ulmees, has much to offer; the immense cathedral of pure renaissance style and many other "you-must-see" churches. In Puebla there is also the "Hidden convent", which, even tho it was near police headquarters, Augustinian nuns continued living as nuns, acquired a system of secret doors and managed to remain undiscovered until 1934; now, it is magnificent museum of religious arts. In Puebla, too, is buried the China Poblana, creator of the (or one who is credited with the creation of the) Mexican National costume. The ride to Puebla is enhanced further by the two world famous mountains Popocatepetl and Itzacchuatl.

Just one little warning. If you bring a car to Mexico City, by all means, park it and forget about it. It is better to suffer discomforts on a street car or bus, then lose your neck in your car. One would not believe his eyes seeing the density of cars in Mexico City. It is bumper against bumper and all driving like maniacs and about six abreast on the wide streets (each way). When front cars stop, because of their speed and density, you are sure of one thing — a pile up. I've not seen anyone killed on spot, but the siren din of the ambulance and tied up traffic are both constant.

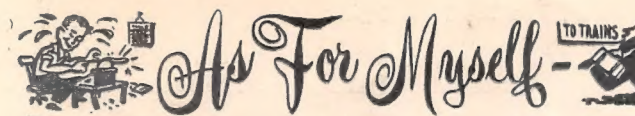
Speaking of cars — another amazing thing is, dense as the cars are within the city at the city limit there are barely any. The sudden contrast is so great one would think that there is an abyss at the city limit where cars fall and disappear.



LIMITATION

You can hound a hound
If you follow him around;
You can dog a dog the same way.
You can cow a cow
By glaring, that's how;
You can wolf a wolf any day.
You can horse around
With any horse found;
You can hog a hog, and who cares?
You can rat on a rat,
Or bat at a bat;
But only a bear can bear bears.

Ann Onimus.



New Jersey, New York and Swartmore

We chose a scenic tour, traveling between the lakes of Cayuga and Seneca, via Ithaca and Binghampton, and along the Delaware into New Jersey—destination Newark and the Frank Kaltmans who were our hosts during our stay in that neck of the woods. Friday evening we visited Michael Herman's group in New York; Saturday, the entire day was spent recording for new records (11 dances) with FOLKRAFT. Sunday I spent with Jack Stukas and family, while in the evening we attended a New Jersey Jamboree of Square dances sponsored by the Rod LaFarge's — a packed hall of people having a grand time with square and folk dances. Monday I had a session at Hunter College where our pal Olga Kulbitsky is one of the instructors, while Tuesday we had a class with Rod LaFarge's Garden Club folk dancers near Paterson, New Jersey. Needless to say, our time was very limited and the opportunity to see the city or get around, was out of question. I got to see and have dinner with Miriam Marcus, a former member of Chicago's International House, saw Mary Kizys, had lunch with Ella Sonkin, a splendid dinner of International dishes at the home of the LaFarges, an after-session feast at the Russian Bear with Olga Kulbitsky, Hellen Kulber, Trina Roach, Mrs. Kaltman, Walt and Helen Bullock and that was that. Luckily some of the friends were present either at Herman's session or at the classes which I conducted and that enabled me to see the Tso's, Murray Sherman, Balje, Dorothy Cahill on her way back to Venezuela and a few others. The next day we were on our way to Philadelphia. After fighting our way through the horrible traffic of Philly we landed in Lansdowne at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Hargrave.

I've known the Hargraves for many years, and on a previous occasion, when I still lived in Alabama and brought the Fairhope group to the National Folk Festival which was then held in Philadelphia, the Hargraves were hosts to some of our group. The Hargraves are very hospitable and are ever hosts to some group and another and even served in this capacity to the Austrian group who toured the U. S. during last year. After supper we left for Swarthmore where my next class was held.

The class at Swartmore was likewise most enjoyable. It seems that only the "grandest" people folk dance. I was most happy to run into Paul Gaston, from Fairhope, Ala., who studies at Swarthmore: In passing I want to mention that it was Paul who mimeographed, while his mother typed, the first VILTIS, then a service letter, in existence. Paul and VILTIS both grew. It was good to see him. The Gastons clan of Fairhope, who pioneered in the building of that Single Tax colony, are like kin-folk to me. That evening, along with Bill Brooks' folks, the Earl Brooks,, we left for their home in Arden, Delaware.

The Single Tax Colony of Arden

It was of great interest to me to go to Arden if even it were only for over the night. Having lived in Fairhope, Alabama, the first Single Tax colony in the U.S., I was most anxious to see and compare Arden with Fairhope. Fairhope, of course, is a rather large city with a population of 5000 and beyond the fact that both are Single Tax communities there was hardly anything else

one could find in comparison. Fairhope is a thriving city with a large business center, parks, churches of many denomination, and a very well organized society of many social and civic organizations—cultural and recreational. Arden is just a tiny hamlet of lovely homes and wide lawns set amid trees with birds and flowers and an enchanting setting as landscaped by nature itself. After the snow and slush in Canada and New York it was wonderful to find Philly and Arden still cloaked in verdure with flowers blooming and a sun giving forth its precious warmth. I would have loved to stay longer in Arden with the Brookses, who like the Hargraves are leaders in the Eastern Co-op movement and folk dancers, but duty "she" called and we were on our way to State College, Penna.

State College, Pittsburgh, St. Francis Academy, Cleveland.

Vestiges of summer were disappearing the further away we went from Delaware. The Pennsylvania Dutch country with its neat homes and interesting barns around Lancaster — more interesting indeed, and cleaner than some of the buildings of our urbane cities — gave proof that it is all true what they say about the Pennsylvania Dutch. The entire drive to State College, which took us along river shores and into the real hills, was very scenic. By late afternoon we reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Shepperd. Jane, before her marriage to Bill, was a Phys. Ed. instructress at the Okla. A and M College in Stillwater, and often arranged tours through Oklahoma for me and this was my first visit to her new home state. Since their marriage Bill built a beautiful home (he actually did it) Jane probably did the back seat driving), a home one could proudly brag about. That evening I had a class at the Gym of the State College with a group of some 300 students, and we "sho did have a good time". After the session we had a little reception at the Shepperd home with some of the other Phys. Ed. teachers of the College. After sleeping a few hours we were on our way to Pittsburgh.

We ran into detours and mud and we finally hit Pittsburgh. We thought Philadelphia was a nightmare as far as traffic was concerned, but we had to alter our opinion. Pittsburgh was suffering from a "double whammy"; the congestion was at a practical stand still. We made our afternoon session at the YMCA "by the skin of our teeth". In the evening the same group met at the Lithuanian Hall and on the following day a full day session at the Carnegie Institute Gym. Again we met many new friends and we had a wonderful time. Our hosts in Pittsburgh were the Monty Mayos, a grand couple, as grand as they come, and proud parents of four beautiful children. No need to mention, there too we had after-sessions, etc. (Natch).

On Sunday, Nov. 19th, we headed to the Convent of the Sisters of St. Francis which is located on Mt. Providence, south of Pittsburgh. The Convent and the Academy is run by the Lithuanian sisters of the Franciscan order. We had a Lithuanian dinner with Father Joe who is the chaplain of the convent. Father Joe has been on the hill for 25 years, when it was but a reed and weed grown mountain; being Lithuanian and loving the earth and trees, he converted the hill into a lovely spot with many fruit and shade trees. He even built the home he stays in, and in it, too, each room was filled with plants of every climate which grew profusely under his tender care.

Sisters from various neighboring convents were the guests as I ran through the paces of various Lithuanian